

That could haue better sowed then *Philomel*.  
Oh had the monster scene those Lilly hands,  
Tremble like Aspen leaues vpon a Lute,  
And make the filken strings delight to kisse them,  
He would not then haue toucht them for his life.  
Or had he heard the heauenly Harmony,  
Whic h that sweet tongue hath made:  
He would haue dropt his knife and fell asleepe,  
As *Cerberus* at the Thracian Poets feete.  
Come, let vs goe, and make thy father blinde,  
For such a fight will blinde a fathers eye.  
One houres storme will drowne the fragrant meades,  
What, will whole months of teares thy Fathers eyes?  
Doe not draw backe, for we will mourne with thee:  
Oh could our mourning ease thy misery. *Exeunt*

## Actus Tertius.

Enter the Iudges and Senatours with Titus two sonnes bound,  
passing on the Stage to the place of execution, and Titus going  
before pleading.

*Ti.* Heare me graue fathers, noble Tribunes stay,  
For pittie of mine age, whose youth was spent  
In dangerous warres, whilst you securely slept:  
For all my blood in Romes great quarrell shed,  
For all the frosty nights that I haue watcht,  
And for these bitter teares, which now you see,  
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheekes,  
Be pittifull to my condemned Sonnes,  
Whose soules is not corrupted as 'tis thought:  
For two and twenty sonnes I neuer wept,  
Because they died in honours lofty bed.

*Andronicus lyeth downe, and the Iudges passe by him.*  
For these, Tribunes, in the dust I write  
My harts deepe languor, and my soules sad teares:  
Let my teares stanch the earths drie appetite.  
My sonnes sweet blood, will make it thame and blush:  
O earth! I will be friend thee more with raine *Exeunt*  
That shall distill from these two ancient ruines,  
Then youthfull Aprill shall with all his showres  
In summers drought: He drop vpon thee still,  
In Winter with warme teares He melt the snow,  
And keepe eternall spring time on thy face,  
So thou refuse to drinke my deare sonnes blood.

Enter *Lucius*, with his weapon drawne.

Oh reuerent Tribunes, oh gentle aged men,  
Vnbide my sonnes, reuerse the doome of death,  
And let me say (that neuer wept before)  
My teares are now preualing Oratours.

*Lu.* Oh noble father, you lament in vaine,  
The Tribunes heare not, no man is by,  
And you recount your sorrowes to a stone.

*Ti.* Ah *Lucius* for thy brothers let me plead,  
Graue Tribunes, once more I intreat of you.

*Lu.* My gracious Lord, no Tribune heares you speake.

*Ti.* Why 'tis no matter man, if they did heare  
They would not marke me: oh if they did heare  
They would not pittie me.

Therefore I tell my sorrowes bootles to the stones.

Who though they cannot answere my distresse,  
Yet in some sort they are better then the Tribunes,  
For that they will not intercept my tale:  
When I doe weepe, they humbly at my feete  
Receiue my teares, and seeme to weepe with me,  
And were they but attired in graue weedes,  
Rome could afford no Tribune like to these.  
A stone is as soft waxe,  
Tribunes more hard then stones:  
A stone is silent, and offendeth not,  
And Tribunes with their tongues doome men to death.  
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawne?  
*Lu.* To rescue my two brothers from their death,  
For which attempt the Iudges haue pronounc'd  
My euerslasting doome of banishment.

*Ti.* Oh happy man, they haue befriended thee:  
Why foolish *Lucius*, dost thou not perceiue  
That Rome is but a wildernes of Tigers?  
Tigers must pray, and Rome affords no prey  
But me and mine: how happy art thou then,  
From these deuourers to be banished?  
But who comes with our brother *Marcus* heere?

Enter *Marcus* and *Lavinia*.

*Mar.* *Titus*, prepare thy noble eyes to weepe,  
Or if not so, thy noble heart to breake:  
I bring confuming sorrow to thine age.

*Ti.* Will it consume me? Let me see it then.

*Mar.* This was thy daughter.

*Ti.* Why *Marcus* so she is.

*Luc.* Aye me this object kills me.

*Ti.* Faint-hearted boy, arise and looke vpon her,  
Speake *Lavinia*, what accursed hand  
Hath made thee handlesse in thy Fathers sight?  
What foole hath added water to the Sea?  
Or brought a faggot to bright burning Troy?  
My griefe was at the height before thou cam'st,  
And now like *Nylus* it disdaineeth bounds:  
Giue me a sword, He chop off my hands too,  
For they haue fought for Rome, and all in vaine:  
And they haue nur'd this woe,  
In feeding life:  
In bootlesse prayer haue they bene held vp,  
And they haue seru'd me to effectlesse vse.  
Now all the seruice I require of them,  
Is that the one will helpe to cut the other:  
'Tis well *Lavinia*, that thou hast no hands,  
For hands to do Rome seruice, is but vaine.

*Luci.* Speake gentle sister, who hath martyrd thee?

*Mar.* O that delightfull engine of her thoughts,  
That blab'd them with such pleasing eloquence,  
Is torne from forth that pretty hallow cage,  
Where like a sweet melodious bird it sung,  
Sweet varied notes inchanting euery eare.

*Luci.* Oh say thou for her,  
Who hath done this deed?

*Mar.* Oh thus I found her straying in the Parke,  
Seeking to hide herselfe as doth the Deere  
That hath receiue some vnrecuring wound.

*Ti.* It was my Deere,  
And he that wounded her,  
Hath hurt me more, then had he kild me dead:  
For now I stand as one vpon a Rocke,  
Inuiron'd with a wildernes of Sea:  
Who markes the waxing tide,  
Grow waue by waue,

Expecting

Expecting euer when some enuious surge,  
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.  
This way to death my wretched sonnes are gone:  
Heere stands my other sonne, a banisht man,  
And heere my brother weeping at my woes.  
But that which giues my soule the greatest spurne,  
Is deere *Lavinia*, deerer then my soule.  
Had I but seene thy picture in this plight,  
It would haue maddened me. What shall I doe?  
Now I behold thy liuely body so?  
Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy teares,  
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyrd thee:  
Thy husband he is dead, and for his death  
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead thy this.  
Looke *Marcus*, ah sonne *Lucius* looke on her:  
When I did name her brothers, then fresh teares  
Stood on her cheekes, as doth the hony dew,  
Vpon a gathered Lillie almost withered.  
*Mar.* Perchance she weepes because they kil'd her  
husband,  
Perchance because she knowes him innocent.

*Ti.* If they did kill thy husband then be ioyfull,  
Because the law hath tane reuenge on them.  
No, no, they would not doe so foule a deeде,  
Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.  
Gentle *Lavinia* let me kisse thy lips,  
Or make some signes how I may do thee ease:  
Shall thy good Vncle, and thy brother *Lucius*,  
And thou and I sit round about some Fountaine,  
Looking all downewards to behold our cheekes  
How they are stain'd in meadowes, yet not dry  
With misery slime left on them by a flood:  
And in the Fountaine shall we gaze so long,  
Till the fresh taste be taken from that cleerenes,  
And made a brine pit with our bitter teares?  
Or shall we cut away our hands like thine?  
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumbe shewes  
Passe the remainder of our hatefull dayes?  
What shall we doe? Let vs that haue our tongues  
Plot some deuise of further miseries  
To make vs wondred at in time to come.

*Lu.* Sweet Father cease your teares, for at your griefe  
See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps,  
*Mar.* Patience deere Neece, good *Titus* drie thine  
eyes.

*Ti.* Ah *Marcus*, *Marcus*, Brother well I wot,  
Thy napkin cannot drinke a teare of mine,  
For thou poore man hast drown'd it with thine owne.

*Lu.* Ah my *Lavinia* I will wipe thy cheekes.

*Ti.* Marke *Marcus* marke, I vnderstand her signes,  
Had she a tongue to speake, now would she say  
That to her brother which I said to thee:  
His Napkin with her true teares all bewet,  
Can do no seruice on her sorrowfull cheekes.  
Oh what a sympathy of woe is this!  
As farre from helpe as Limbo is from blisse,

Enter *Aron* the Moore alone.

*Moore.* *Titus Andronicus*, my Lord the Emperour,  
Sends thee this word, that if thou loue thy sonnes,  
Let *Marcus*, *Lucius*, or thy selfe old *Titus*,  
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,  
And send it to the King: he for the same,  
Will send thee hither both thy sonnes aliuе,  
And that shall be the ranfome for their fault.

*Ti.* Oh gracious Emperour, oh gentle *Aron*.  
Did euer Raven sing so like a Larke,  
That giues sweet tydings of the Sunnes vprise?  
With all my heart, He send the Emperour my hand,  
Good *Aron* wilt thou help to chop it off?

*Lu.* Stay Father, for that noble hand of thine,  
That hath throwne downe so many enemies,  
Shall not be sent: my hand will serue the turne,  
My youth can better spare my blood then you,  
And therefore mine shall saue my brothers liues.

*Mar.* Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,  
And reard aloft the bloody Battieaxe,  
Writing destruction on the enemies Castle?  
Oh none of both but are of high desert:  
My hand hath bin but idle, let it serue  
To ranfome my two nephewes from their death,  
Then haue I kept it to a worthy end.

*Moore.* Nay come agree, whose hand shall goe along  
For feare they die before their pardon come.

*Mar.* My hand shall goe.

*Lu.* By heauen it shall not goe.

*Ti.* Sirs strue no more, such withered hearbs as these  
Are meete for plucking vp, and therefore mine.

*Lu.* Sweet Father, if I shall be thought thy sonne,  
Let me redeeme my brothers both from death.

*Mar.* And for our fathers sake, and mothers care,  
Now let me shew a brothers loue to thee.

*Ti.* Agree betweene you, I will spare my hand.

*Lu.* Then He goe fetch an Axe.

*Mar.* But I will vse the Axe. *Exeunt*

*Ti.* Come hither *Aron*, He deceiue them both,  
Lend me thy hand, and I will giue thee mine,

*Moore.* If that be cal'd deceit, I will be honest,  
And neuer whilst I liue deceiue men so:  
But He deceiue you in another sort,  
And that you'll say ere halfe an houre passe.

He cuts off *Titus* hand.

Enter *Lucius* and *Marcus* sagaine.

*Ti.* Now stay you strife, what shall be, is dispatch:  
Good *Aron* giue his Maiestie me hand,  
Tell him, it was a hand that warded him  
From thousand dangers: bid him bury it:  
More hath it merited: That let it haue.

As for for my sonnes, say I account of them,  
As iewels purchast at an easie price,  
And yet deere too, because I bought mine owne.

*Aron.* I goe *Andronicus*, and for thy hand,  
Looke by and by to haue thy sonnes with thee:

Their heads I meane: Oh how this villany  
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it.

Let fooles doe good, and faire men call for grace,  
*Aron* will haue his soule blacke like his face. *Exit.*

*Ti.* O heere I lift this one hand vp to heauen,  
And bow this feeble ruine to the earth,

If any power pitties wretched teares,  
To that I call: what wilt thou kneele with me?

Doe then deare heart, for heauen shall heare our prayers,  
Or with our sighs wee le breath the welkin dimme,

And staine the Sun with fogge as sometime cloudes,  
When they do hug him in their melting bosomes.

*Mar.* Oh brother speake with possibilities,  
And do not breake into these deepe extreames.

*Ti.* Is not my sorrow deepe, hauing no bottome?

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Then